

Life

JULY 8, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS

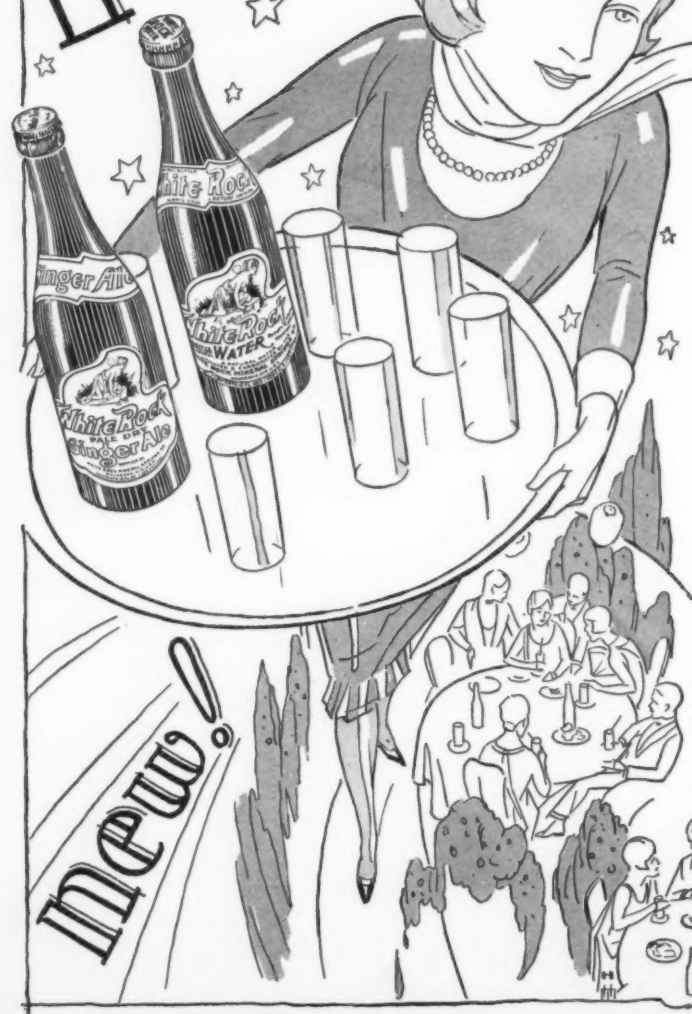


Several Irons
in the Fire

don
herold

White Rock Ginger Ale

Pale



Sparkling Cordiality—

Amber — sparkling — bubbling over with all the vivacity of a jazzy fox trot, the flavor of White Rock Ginger Ale lingers like an old time waltz.

It is indeed the sensation of modern social beverages — a compliment to friends — a treat for those at home. Keep it on ice.

Bottled only at
THE WHITE ROCK SPRING
Waukesha, Wisconsin



The public says "Welcome Budd-Michelin!"

THE public has bought Budd-Michelin Wheels on a dozen of America's most famous cars.

We sought out and interviewed hundreds of these Budd-Michelin owners. Most of them had previously owned cars with wooden wheels.

Ten to one they preferred Budd-Michelin. The majority was greater than the majority for balloon tires!

"Safer" ... "stronger" ... "cleaner" ... "better looking" ... "easier to change tires" ... "they save tires" ... "silent" ... "easier steering" ... "never hung up on the road with a broken wheel" ... "more modern."

These are the things the Budd-Michelin owners said, time after time. Most of them gave three or four reasons for their preference.

Here's what Budd-Michelin is: A disc of cold-rolled steel, in an exclusive *convex* form, that permits the placing of brakes and king pins *within* the wheel, for better braking and easier steering.

The wheel is demountable—is removed in a moment by unscrewing the self-locking nuts at the hub. ... A *fifth* wheel, carrying the spare tire, is put in its place—and that's all there is to changing a tire. A three-minute job!

The spare wheel dresses up the rear of the car—acts as an additional bumper—and is always ready for an emergency.

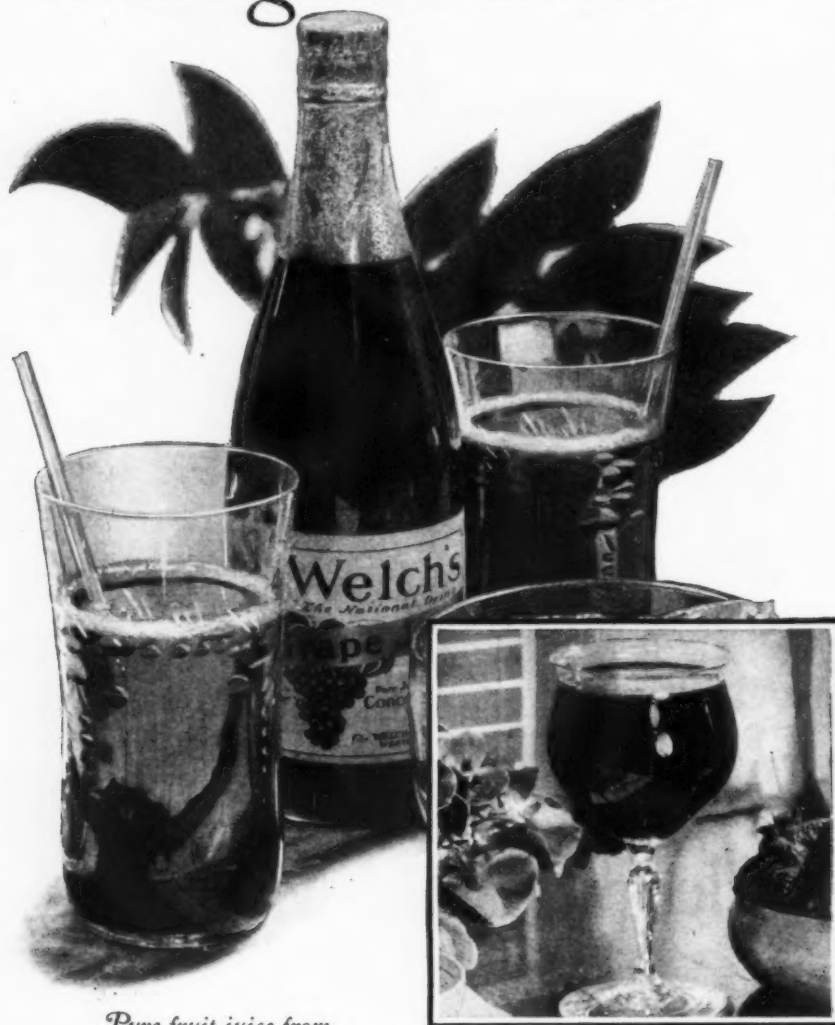
Why do Budd-Michelin Wheels save tires? Because the rims are permanently attached—the tires always run true—and the steel discs radiate the destructive friction-heat from the tires.

These wheels hide the unsightly brakes, and protect them from mud, water, and dust. ... They are light. They are strong as only steel can be!

The public says, "Welcome, Budd-Michelin!"

[[Detroit ... BUDD WHEEL COMPANY ... Philadelphia]]

Fruit Refreshment Fruit Vigor . . . in Long Cool Drinks



*Pure fruit juice from
fresh ripe grapes*

MOST delicious in flavor, purple, refreshing, this juice of fresh grapes is the most perfect of fruit juice drinks.

At the dinner-party, at the informal supper, on country club verandas, Welch's is served—blended with other fruit juices, with ginger ale or sparkling water, or frosty with chipped ice. And the finest hotels serve it daily for the breakfast fruit juice.

For Welch's is pure fruit juice; with all the delicacy of luscious

grapes and all the health-building values of the fresh fruit.

Send for our free book of delicious fruit juice drinks, *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet*.

At the soda fountain ask for Welch's—straight or with sparkling water. Order it from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. L-27, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Preserves, and other Quality Products. Canadian Plant—St. Catharines, Ontario.

The White Feather

EVERY one spoke of him as the man that knew no fear.

He had never been known to turn down a challenge.

No one had ever had to say to him, "I double dare you!"

In the World War, he received the D. S. C., the Victoria Cross, the Legion of Honor, and a personal letter of thanks from the President.

In his house, after his marriage, he was boss. His mother-in-law never spent her vacation there. And he was very much devoted to his wife.

In bridge, he would not hesitate to bid four spades after a three no-trump declaration, his partner having passed, and whenever he was doubled, he would immediately redouble.

In trains, he could open any window, and could so push his ticket into the upholstery that it didn't disappear whenever the train gave a sudden jerk.

In restaurants or hotels, he could completely dry his hands with *one* paper towel.

In the streets, he would altogether ignore panhandlers who needed only another dime to get their first cup of coffee in months—honest, buddy—or to complete their fund for car-fare back to Californ-i-a.

In short, he was in all things the Hercules, Siegfried, Achilles, Paul Bunyan, Beowulf, Napoleon, and Hannibal of his community and his time.

And then one day the debacle came. Suddenly and with no warning. Completely and with no aftermath.

"Will you do me a favor on your way to the office, dear?" his wife asked him that morning.

"Certainly; what is it?"

"Just stop in at Racy's and return this dress I bought yesterday."

The blood left his face, his mouth twitched, and his hands fell limply to his sides; a moment later his lifeless form tumbled to the ground.

Courtenay Akt.

Quick Commencement Replies

"Now what are you going to do?"

GO to Europe.
Go to Hollywood.
Go to Florida.
Go to Baker's drama class.
Go to work.
Go to hell.

McC. H.

A THEATRICAL manager is known by the road companies he keeps.

LAST CALL!

Little Blue Books May
Be Sold Only Until July 31, at the Low Price of **5c**

Necessary to Increase Price of Little Blue Books—You Have Until July 31, 1926, to Select Titles at the Standard Price of 5c Each—Rush Your Order Today

UP GOES THE PRICE!

Little Blue Books of 96 or 128 pages will be increased to 6c and 7c each after July 31, 1926; 64 page books will remain at 5c but you have only until July 31 to select all titles at 5c. Rush your order today—quick service guaranteed.

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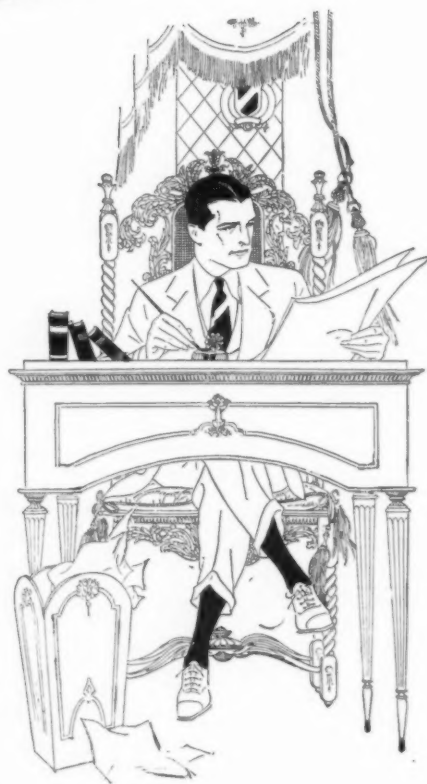
The Book of Hosiery

AND you have turned these pages to now discover this:

Number 284

THE SEASON'S SMARTEST
MEN'S SOCK
ALL PHOENIX
AND ALL SILK
only
75 cents a pair

Color is "the thing" in men's hosiery just now. Therefore rich are the colorings and choice are the patterns of this remarkable number 284, a high Phoenix achievement. It is made of pure Japanese silk, with the *extra mileage foot, tipt-toe and tipt-heel*—all clever reinforcements to give it extra long miles of strenuous wear. Men's stores and departments of the better sort sell it.



PHOENIX
SILK SOCKS

MILWAUKEE



Life

The National Question

THE great cosmic topics are sorely neglected,
And critical chaos in commerce can wait;
Political turmoil leaves us unaffected—
Rejected are serious problems of state.
Though Europe is gripped in Red Anarchy's talon,
Though monarchies totter and empires sway,
"Say, how many miles do you get to a gallon?"
Oh, that is the National Question to-day.

From Texas' wide spaces where graze peaceful cattle,
'Cross prairie and plateau and picturesque plain
To snow-covered peaks that gaze down at Seattle;
From Hollywood, cinema sirens' domain,
To rugged Vermont, where the brave Ethan Allen
With valorous patriots plunged in the fray,
"Say, how many miles do you get to a gallon?"
Oh, that is the National Question to-day.

Arthur L. Lippmann.

Modern Idea

WILLIS: Has your town a curfew law?
GILLIS: Yes. We don't allow children under
eighteen on the streets after four A. M.

THE objection of many New Yorkers to Nicholas
Murray Butler's suggestion that the Eighteenth
Amendment be repealed and the Quebec liquor system
substituted is that it would entail a walk of several blocks
to the Nearest Place.

That Valuable Stuff, Publicity

"SAY, what did this Amundsen Byrd do, anyway?"
"I don't know. Wasn't he the captain of that
ship that saved some people in the ocean last
winter?"

"Naw. His name was Grange! I think this Byrd
Amundsen is the guy that got that football player, Red
Fried, to sign a moving-picture contract for \$300,000."

"You're crazy! That was a guy by the name of Pyle
who got Earl Carroll to take a bath in some wine so that
a girl by the name of Peaches Browning could marry
Irving Berlin."

"Aw—what's the difference? What did Babe Ruth
do to-day?"
Carroll.

From a Club Chair

MY daughter wants a car with a right-hand drive so
that it will be easier for her to look in shop win-
dows while driving in traffic.

* * *

Nothing the male ever does makes him feel so manly
as his first shave; or so elderly as his first scalp treat-
ment.

* * *

As an older person, relatively free from suspicion,
I give it as my belief that bobbed hair would not be
so popular if "necking" hadn't come in about the same
time.

James Kevin McGuinness.



Patron: HERE, THIS DOUGHNUT HAS A TACK IN IT.
Waitress: WELL, I DECLARE! I'LL BET THE AMBITIOUS LITTLE THING
THINKS IT'S A FORD TIRE.



THEIR CLOTHES SOMETIMES FOOL YOU

FOR INSTANCE, THE GORGEOUS GENTLEMAN ON THE LEFT HAS A HANDICAP OF TWENTY-EIGHT, WHILE THE MORBID INDIVIDUAL ON THE RIGHT HOLDS THE RECORD FOR THE COURSE.



THE PERFECT LOVER

Dell: BETTER LOOK OUT FOR HIM. I HEAR HE IS AN AWFUL BACKBITER.
May: OH! I JUST ADORE CAVEMEN!

At the Inventors' Union

EDISON: Working, Einstein?

EINSTEIN: Yes; I'm interested in a simple little device that will automatically open and close garage doors from the driver's seat.

EDISON: That ought to be good. How about you, Marconi?

MARCONI: I'm trying out a wireless directional control for golf balls. By the way, what's new with you?

EDISON: I'm interested in golf myself. My pet idea is to manufacture a club that accurately counts the strokes and yet cannot be tampered with.

DE FOREST: Impossible to do it! You'd better think of something else or the cash register people will sue you for infringing on their patents. Now I am working on a synonym unit for radios.

MARCONI: A synonym unit? What's that?

DE FOREST: An attachment that will make radios enduring. Every time an announcer says "folks" or "kiddies" or any other word that may be distasteful to the listener, the synonym unit eliminates it and substitutes "ladies and gentlemen" or "children" or whatever word is less objectionable.

EINSTEIN: That ought to be easy to perfect. Why don't you tackle a man's job? There's Ford over there; let's find out what his newest wrinkle is.

EDISON: No; don't! He'll think we're kidding him. Besides, he seems to be interested in that young Jones. Say! What did he ever do to get in?

DE FOREST: Who? Ford?

EDISON: No! Jones!

MARCONI: Nothing yet. But he has applied for a patent on a non-slip garter. *Bill Sykes.*

Priority

SENATOR A: Have you written your speech yet?

SENATOR Z: No, but I have prepared a statement saying I was misquoted.

QUEEN MARIE has forbidden the use of her picture in the cosmetic advertisements. This limits her appearances in America to the front page, woman's page, home page and Sunday rotogravure section of the daily papers.

Whatever That Is

HE tried earth's list of jobs clear through,
In order quite consecutive.
There being nothing he could do,
He now is an executive.

Strickland Gillilan.

Polo

I AM going to take up polo.
I like golf, and play the game fairly well, but this other thing is the pastime for me. It's a lot of fun, I'll admit, to punch great, screaming drives out over the fairway and to drop firm, high-climbing mashie shots dead to the pin, but no—no—I'm converted.

Polo is both a dangerous game and an expensive one. I am a ham rider and shall undoubtedly fall off and break a large number of bones. Moreover, I am a poor man, and my children will be cheated out of an education if not of actual food and raiment. Still, polo is what I'm going to play. It must be simply heaven!

They have a squad of men come around after you with shovels to replace your divots.

E. L. G.

Low-Pressure Peddling

SALESMAN: Did you find the washing machine just as I represented it?

CUSTOMER: Exactly.

SALESMAN (to himself): I must be falling down on my sales talk.

THE results in Pennsylvania seem to have been due to the pay-at-home voters.



THE THIRD-DEGREE BOYS TACKLE AN INFORMATION CLERK.



May: HOW DID MARIE COME OUT IN THE DIVING CONTEST?

Fay: SHE SHOWED THEM ALL A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS.

Jack for Jimmy

MAYOR WALKER, in a worthy endeavor to improve New York City, has recently appointed a "City Planning and Survey Committee." To the sub-committee on "New Sources of City Revenue" we respectfully submit the following suggestions:

Police officers to pass the hat at all public safe-raisings, street brawls or arguments between taxi drivers.

Police officers to split at least 80-20 with the city for bribes for parking privileges where parking is prohibited.

The exaction of hush money from orange-drink stands. Permitting motorists to talk back to traffic policemen—at a price.

Permitting any one to do the same—at a price.

Tagging bare knees on public streets.

Selling life insurance to golfers on municipal links.

Putting on high-diving acts from the traffic towers every half-hour and passing the hat.

Installing turkish-towel vending machines beside every public telephone booth.

Renting pup tents on Riverside Drive.

Opening up a night club inside the Statue of Liberty.

Manufacturing news items for the tabloids.

Arresting one or two crooks—preferably two.

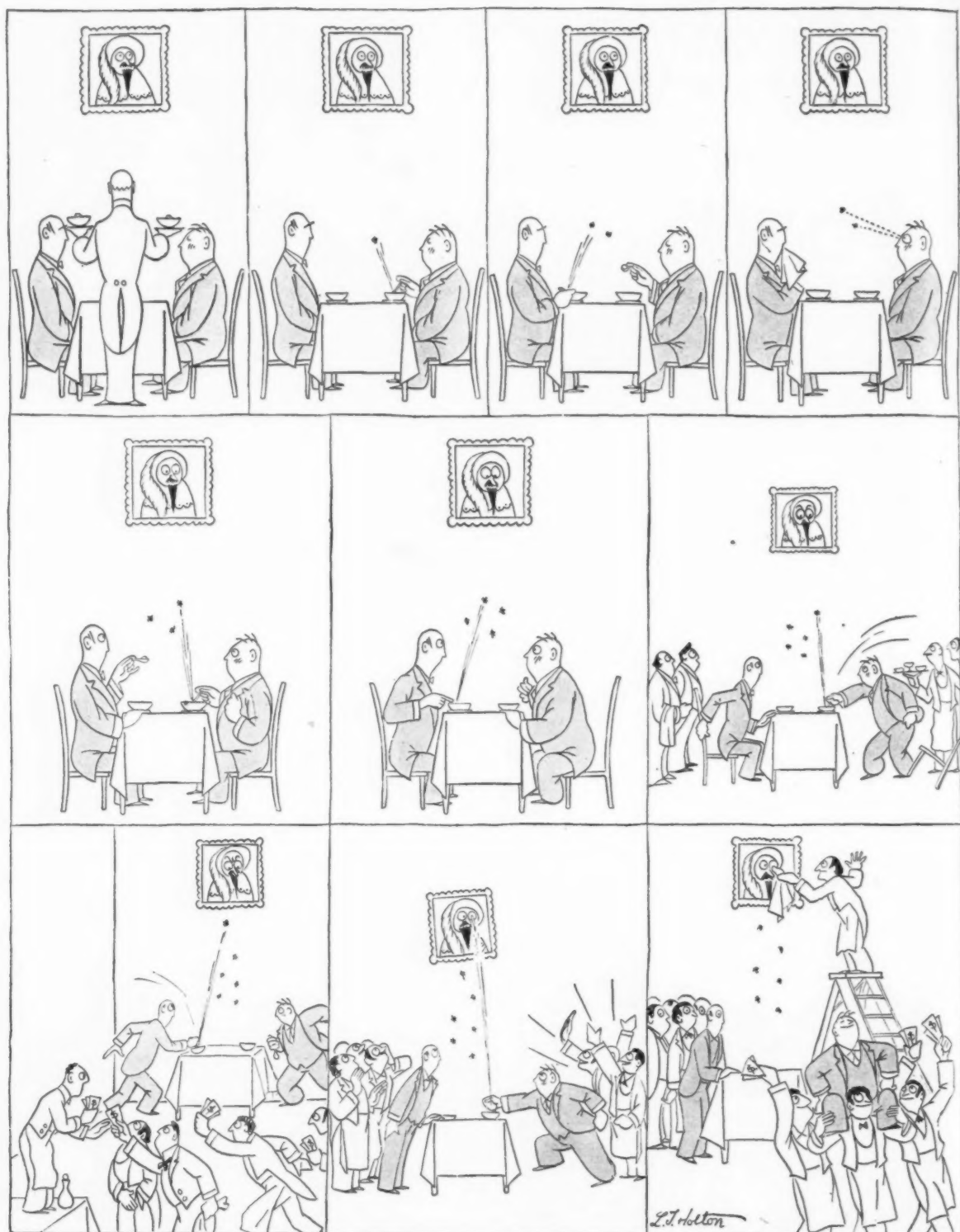
Advertising.

Henry William Hanemann.

Ambition

"AND what are you going to be when you're a big girl, my dear?"

"Oh, I'm going to be a stenographer so I can eat my breakfast at a soda fountain."



In Which the Humble Grapefruit Takes on the Flavor
of Highly Competitive Sport

Desk Mottoes

ABOVE my desk three signs are nailed—
They're printed neat and nice.
In time of need they've never failed
To give me good advice.

For instance, when I'm tired of work,
Which frequently occurs,
A strong desire to loaf and shirk
Within my bosom stirs.

I scent afar the tang of brine
On some cool sea-girt isle;
I thrill with joy, and on my sign
I read SMILE, DAMN YOU,
SMILE.

I dream of cloudless golden days,
Of gently rippling stream,
The glen where mottled sunlight
plays,
The splash of trout a gleam.

I must away! The wood gods call,
And to their will I bow.
I read my motto on the wall—
It tells me DO IT NOW!

I'll do it now! Old sign, you're right.
I'm through with work for good.
I'll quit my job this very night,
I'm off for field and wood.

And as I leave that desk of mine
My conscience it is clear,
For there above it hangs a sign
That says NO PARKING
HERE.

Newman Levy.

Definitions

ANARCHIST: \$15 a week salary.
Bolshevik: \$18.00 a week salary.
Communist: \$20.00 a week salary.
Socialist: \$24.00 a week salary.
Reactionist: \$25.00 a week salary.
Plain Citizen: \$30.00 a week salary.
Loyal Citizen: \$40.00 a week salary.
Ultra-Loyal: \$50.00 a week salary.
Conservative: \$75.00 a week salary.
Ultra-Conservative: \$100.00 a week salary.
Good American: \$150.00 a week and income.
100% American: \$500.00 a week and up.

ONE way to make yourself solid
is to drink bootleg liquor.



The Buxom Lady: WELL, THAT'S OVER, AND THANK HEAVENS I'M CULTURED FOR ANOTHER YEAR.



Hobo: I WISH I HAD MONEY—I'D LIKE TO TRAVEL.



THE GAY NINETIES

THERE WAS NOTHING TAME ABOUT CITY LIFE IN THE GAY NINETIES, WHAT WITH DODGING CABLE-CARS, HANSOMS AND BICYCLES ALL DAY. AND EVEN THE NIGHT DID NOT BRING PEACE AND SECURITY, FOR THEN CAME THE GAMBLE WITH DEATH VIA THE FOLDING BED. THIS TWO-FACED ARTICLE OF FURNITURE—WHICH DURING THE DAY POSED AS AN INNOCENT CUPBOARD OR PIER GLASS—HAD A TREACHEROUS WAY OF SUDDENLY DECIDING IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT TO CLOSE UP AND RESUME ITS MASQUERADE. IN WHICH CASE, ONLY THE CHANCE OF YOUR MUFFLED CRIES BEING HEARD BY A WAKEFUL NEIGHBOR STOOD BETWEEN YOU AND THE PEARLY GATES.

The Children Flock Once More to LIFE's Camps

THREE hundred and fifty city-weary, undernourished, needy little children are now knee-deep in country life at Pottersville, N. J. (LIFE's Camp for Boys), and at Branchville, Conn. (LIFE's Camp for Girls).

Three hundred and fifty! They have been your guests for the past week, the Camps having opened on the first of the month. We plan to

keep them for eighteen days. In that time we must build up weak bodies with plenty of good food and rich milk and lots of rest. We must straighten out little twisted minds so that honor and hope and happiness may find a place to grow. All this in eighteen days!

Then they must go back to the city so that the next three hundred and fifty from the same appealing

little army may come to us. Thus it will go on all during the summer.

These eighteen days cost, approximately, twenty dollars for one child. That amount—or anything more, or less—will be a glorious help in carrying on this wonderful work and will be received with deep gratitude. If you can't send money, send toys, games, victrola records, (Continued on page 34)

Lament of a Long-Haired Lady

WE ain't engaged no more.
 Last Sat'day we
 Went down to Coney. We went bathin'. Gee!
 The waves was swell!
 I jumped 'em all an' yelled like drownin'
 When Jim'd duck me. He was clownin'
 All the time. He said he was a mur-man! I
 Just laughed at him until I thought I'd die!
 Gee! It was swell!

We ain't engaged no more.
 Gee! It was grand
 To race each other all along the sand.
 The sun was swell!
 My hair dried an' I left it streamin'
 An' Jim'd stroke it—said 'twas gleamin'
 Yellow gold.
 The pins was in his pocket. Gee!
 He gave me back a hairpin that was black. Y'see
 Us girls can't tell—

We ain't engaged no more.
 Catherine Atkinson Miller.

Front-Page Stuff

SHE: And what do you think of Niagara Falls, darling?
 HE (a tabloid newspaper headline-writer): Some drip!



A SUBURBANITE'S DREAM

THE NIGHT AFTER READING A SEED CATALOGUE

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"TOM called on me last night, my dear, and I've been POSITIVELY hysterical ever since—ACTUALLY he's the MOST amusing man you've ever seen—I mean he's so EXCRUCIATINGLY funny that you simply get HYSTERICAL because he's so perfectly SCREAMING—I mean I HONESTLY think he is! You see, there was this Mr. and Mrs. Rivers that Mother had to dinner and after we'd played a couple of rubbers they ASKED Tom and I if we'd like to go with them to a Revue and, my dear, Tom said, 'Seeing as it's the Rivers I s'pose we ought to STREAM along,' and ACTUALLY, my dear, I NEARLY died—I mean I HONESTLY had hysterics, it was so funny! WELL, my dear, you can't IMAGINE what happened AFTERWARD because we went to the Yellow Unicorn and Mr. Rivers had a FLASK, my dear, and was VERY generous and I got QUITE woozie and going HOME Tom was FRIGHTFULLY affectionate and called me his IDEAL and that sort of thing and I mean I was SIMPLY hysterical about the whole thing, my dear—I mean I ACTUALLY was! Because TOM is so perfectly SCREAMING, my dear, and I mean I think he's the FUNNIEST man in the world when he's TIGHT. Well, my dear, I HONESTLY thought I'd never SURVIVE because it was the MOST hectic party you can IMAGINE, my dear, I mean it ACTUALLY was!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Definitions

AN optimist is a bankrupt who lists among his assets the various manuscripts he has submitted in first-novel, scenario, short-story and limerick contests, the tickets he holds in a Canadian lottery, several million of the German marks that cost him several cents, one lot somewhere in Florida and six dollars in cash—Confederate money.

A pessimist is any creditor of the above.

Bill Sykes.

IMPATIENTLY the American people await the day when the Woolworth stores hold their five-and-ten-centennial celebration.

A KANSAS man has discovered how to find a needle in a haystack. He sat on the stack.



"MY DAUGHTER IS TOO YOUNG TO MARRY—SO ARE YOU!"
"WE ARE WILLING TO OVERLOOK EACH OTHER'S
FAILINGS, SIR."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

June
16th

At the coiffeur's by ten o'clock to have a permanent wave put in my hair, having succumbed to vanity once more, and the agony so great whilst they were putting on the papier-mâché cylinders that I was at some pains to restrain myself from reaching up and whacking my tormentors, for Lord! when I closed my eyes it did seem as if they were chinning themselves by hanging to the roots of my hair. But when the painful process was over I was glad to have endured it, feeling in effect like that legend on the front of our post office in regard to its couriers—nor wind, nor rain, etc., can halt me now.... To luncheon at an inn with Meg Perkins and heard all about the Hawleys, who are preparing for a divorce. I do well remember when they were married a few years ago how they were wont to contend as to which should die first, so great was their mutual affection, and now one of them is setting off for Paris to break the bonds. Much talk of many things, Meg confessing that she is like me in giving larger tips to taxicab drivers with gray hair, and being just as bewildered about the proverbial chip-on-the-shoulder which seems to go with domestic service. In what other call of life, for instance, would a laborer be so contemptuous of his employers and so little

(Continued on page 32)



Nancy (just back from college): AND, MAMMA, I
MADE THE SCRUB TEAM!

Mother: THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE DROPPED
BASKETBALL AND TAKEN UP SOMETHING USEFUL!

Life Lines

THE International Dental Conference is to be held in Philadelphia late in August, and we trust the toastmaster will introduce the round of speechmaking with the remark: "Now, this is going to hurt just a little bit."

"Twenty-seven Hurt When Cars Coolidge on Bridge," says a headline in the *Pittsburgh Sun*. The accident occurred, probably, while both cars were attempting to dodge an issue.

Proposed campaign song for President COOLIDGE: "That Uncertain Party of Mine."

The police of Cincinnati will hereafter be equipped with pocket cameras as a means of detecting crime. Citizens are urged to cooperate by looking pleasant when caught in the act of being held up.

Add to the list of successful Americans the retired voter who made all his money in the Pennsylvania primaries.

Bavaria has advanced its voting age from twenty-one to twenty-five years. If Pennsylvania were to do a thing like that it would cause untold suffering to thousands of young voters who have no other means of support.

"L. W. Pryor, formerly with Peoples Undertaking Co., Inc., wishes to announce to the public that he is now connected with L. W. Pryor & Co., funeral directors and embalmers, 919 Fifth Street. He will be pleased to meet any of his old friends."

—Lynchburg (Va.) Advance.

Not, however, if L. W.'s old friends happen to see him first.

AMUNDSEN and BYRD proved conclusively that they could fly over the Pole in less time than it takes them to tell about it.

Little Things

KITTY: Who was the last Democratic candidate for the presidency?

BETTY: Oh, did they have one?

THE world's best example of people who don't know whether they're coming or going lies in the membership list of the French Premiers' Rotary Club.

By George S. Chappell

"MRS. LIBBY GRAPPLED WITH A COMBINATION OF STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM AND MAPLE SYRUP."

G.W.

"MRS. LIBBY GRAP-
PLED WITH
A COMBI-
NATION OF
S T R A W -
BERRY ICE
CREAM AND
MAPLE SY-
RUP."

"You get in front with me," invited Mrs. Pritchett coquettishly. "Luther

"In town, yesterday, with Fanny Tuttle."



"SHE LEANED FORWARD TO WHISPER HARSHLY, 'DID YOU LOCK THE CAR?'"

"Gallery nothing," said Luther defiantly. He had paid what he always calls his "good money" and did



"LET ME DRIVE YOU OVER," URGED MR. LIBBY, WABBLING TO HIS FEET."

not propose to be skied. Lois solved her individual problem by sailing in alone. She found a place with some young companions, from among whom she waved to us when the exodus of another party admitted our merry band. "Her Scarlet Night" was three-fourths over when we crowded by half a row of spectators.

I had inserted myself into the middle of our group, with the Libbys playing the ends, but this did not prevent an occasional conversational shot from whizzing by me. The car was on Mrs. Libby's mind, and she leaned forward at intervals to whisper hoarsely, "Did you lock the car?"

"Yes," lied Libby.

A few moments later: "Did you leave the lights on?"

And so on, during all the most exciting parts of the film.

"Her Scarlet Night" ended in the usual close-up of two gigantic, nuzzling faces, Angele was proved a perfect lady and we sank back to suffer the execrable overture, the interminable announcements of "Coming Attractions," the news reel, and finally the comedy, "Sam in the Sanatorium," a terrific affair in which the doctors turned out to be feeble-minded patients. Then "Her Scarlet Night" began over again and we had a chance to find out what it was all about.

"I like seeing the end first," said Mrs. Libby; "it's like reading a book."

"Keep still," said her husband triumphantly.

And so we sat there, picking on each other from time to time. Opinion was divided as we filed out.

"Angele Andora is a beauty," opined Luther.

"Luther, you're hopeless," said his

wife. "She was terrible. I never saw such hands — so grubby. You can tell a lot by hands."

"And feet," added Mrs. Libby. "Did you see her feet?"

"I'd seen it before," said Lois, who had rejoined us. "Dad, I'm dying for a soda."

Mr. Libby smiled benignly. Lois can do anything with him. "We'll stop at the

Spa," he said. "The sky's the limit."

"I ought not to," said his wife faintly. "I'm on a diet, and we have everything ready for a rabbit at home."

"Oh, come on," cried Luther, "let's make a night of it." The party from now on being Libby's, Luther was all for it. We guzzled great foaming sodas at the Spa, Mrs. Libby so far forgetting herself as to grapple with a combination of strawberry ice cream and maple syrup. Even this did not spoil her appetite for the subsequent rabbit which Mr. Libby concocted with the joacular solemnity of a genial high-priest.

"Not as good as usual," he said. "This near-beer's no good." But we scoured the chafing dish, our appe-

tites—the men's, at least—whetted by a generous jolt of what Mr. Libby assured us was pre-war. Lois vindicated her existence by turning on the radio, a jazz program from the Cuckoo Club, the racket of which drove the ladies into the library, so that Luther was free to replenish his glass without interference. In mid-third his wide eyes met those of his wife. One look was enough.

"You come home," she said sternly.

"Let me drive you over," urged Mr. Libby, wabbling to his feet.

"Don't bother," said Mrs. Pritchett with what was meant for a smile. "The walk will do Luther good."

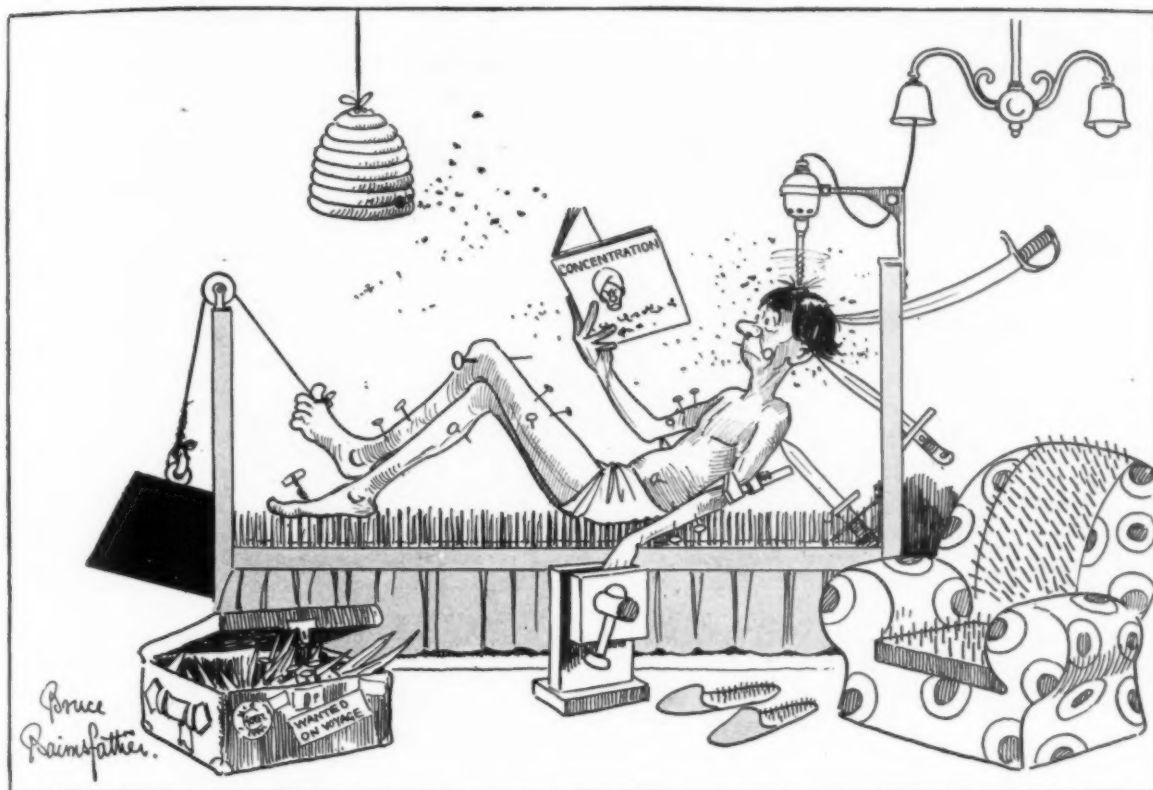
"Good night, good night. We've had a lovely time. Wasn't it fun?"

As the gravel crunched beneath our tread, the radio switched to "Horses, Horses," and I caught a glimpse of Lois doing a *pas-seul* Charleston and of Mr. Libby slowly mounting the stairway. His wife was addressing him but apparently he did not hear her.

What city program can compare with these quiet home evenings? None, I tell you. Luther felt awfully seedy this morning and said he was through with movies. "They're all punk," he said. "I'd much rather stay home and listen to the radio." He has told me so much about his set that I am tempted to go over and listen-in some evening. If I do I'll tell you about it.



"GALLERY NOTHING," SAID LUTHER DEFIANTLY."



ABDUL DEY, THE GREAT FAKIR, SPENDS A QUIET AFTERNOON RESTING IN HIS HOTEL

The Mail Thief

AT the risk of his life he swung aboard the rushing train, stood for a moment on a perilous perch between two rocking cars and then made his way over the roofs to the mail car. Forcing his way into the car, he leveled a revolver at the surprised mail clerk, seized a mail sack, and swung open the sliding door to make his getaway. As he leaped into the night, two shots crackled behind him and he felt the sting of a bullet in his shoulder. He struck heavily and rolled down the embankment into some underbrush.

For a moment he was afraid that he was seriously injured. But the mail sack was still in his grasp and he realized that he had timed his jump perfectly. Rising, he made his way through the underbrush to a spot in the woods where he had hidden a flashlight.

The wound in his shoulder had stopped bleeding, but it

was beginning to grow stiff. The skin on one side of his face had been scraped off. His ankle hurt infernally. Nevertheless, his eyes were alight with interest as he slit the pouch and dumped the contents into the small focus of the torch.



Lawyer: NOW THAT YOU HAVE YOUR DIVORCE, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO—MARRY AGAIN?

"I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO, IF I WANT ANOTHER DIVORCE."

An hour later he was still sitting there, dazed. Before him lay fourteen contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, eighty-four post cards marked "Wish you were here" and "The view from here is lovely," sixteen removal notices from the tailor, thirty-nine circulars offering the complete works of Joseph Conrad for \$2.39, one copy of Lesson No. 15 in a course in electrical engineering, three hundred suggestions for a slogan for a manufacturer of bathtubs, and one post-dated check for \$7.85.

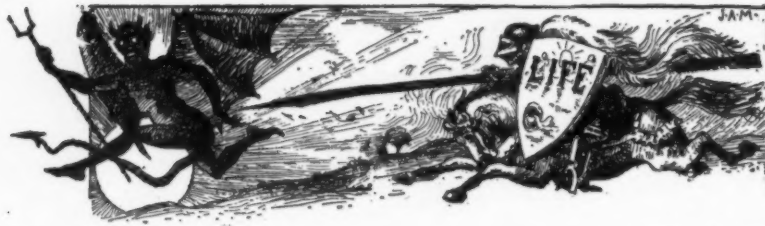
Edwin H. Blanchard.

Br-r-r!

"AND this," said the artist, "is my latest frieze."

"How perfectly wonderful!" said the appreciative flapper. "It actually makes me shiver to look at it!"

THE current wages of sin is a musical comedy contract.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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WHAT
with the
newspaper
space re-
quired to re-

port the visit of the cardinals, their stay in New York, their passage to Chicago and the Eucharistic meeting in that now sainted city, it has been hard for news items of even capital importance to get due attention, as that the new Ford car might have six cylinders and that the Congress of the United States was about to adjourn.

With that other Congress going so strong in Chicago the one in Washington seemed rather small potatoes, but that is largely because the Eucharistic Congress is a novelty and the other is not.

It is possible that the Eucharistic Congress will be useful to religion, not only inside of the Church of Rome, but generally. The notice that has been given it and the vast and colorful hospitalities that have been heaped upon its members are very interesting. One of the cardinals said all this could not have happened ten years ago. Maybe we are getting better-natured about religion. Perhaps we are getting to realize that though religion is very valuable—indispensable indeed to either public or private welfare—people who have it and organizations that handle it are very liable to misapprehension as to what they have got. They are quite apt to think that religion lies in certain definite details of belief, that it is very important to get these details right, and that unless one does get them right one's soul is in peril and

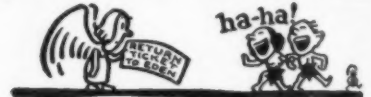
one's conduct cannot attain to the standard. And then, on top of that, they are liable to pick the wrong details.

For example, the doctrine of the real presence in the Mass seems to be considered of vital importance in the Catholic Church, but by Protestants it is quite rejected and they even do not see the point of it. For them it is a wrong detail, though happily they no longer lose any sleep because Catholics adhere to it.

In Lecky's history of the Eighteenth Century in England there is an extended and interesting account of the rise of the Methodists under John Wesley and George Whitefield. It was an amazing revival, extremely useful to England and to religion everywhere, yet it was so amply furnished forth with extravagances of deportment and belief, and with disputes and fierce doctrinal squabbles among its promoters, as to make one wonder how the movement survived so many drawbacks. It also encouraged the thought that people who get religion are apt to have a very defective notion of what they have got. They attribute to this doctrine or that doctrine what does not belong to either of them but is due to some powerful elementary belief which has power over human nature, and on which details of doctrine are mere philosophical freckles. Arians, Arminians, Socinians, Erastians, Moravians and Calvinists all had conflicting convictions in Wesley's day about justification by faith and such things, but all could feel the power of religion and be helped by it.

Perhaps the world will some day

see the essentials of the Christian religion better discerned and sorted out than they are at present. The great disturbance between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists is part of a movement in that direction.

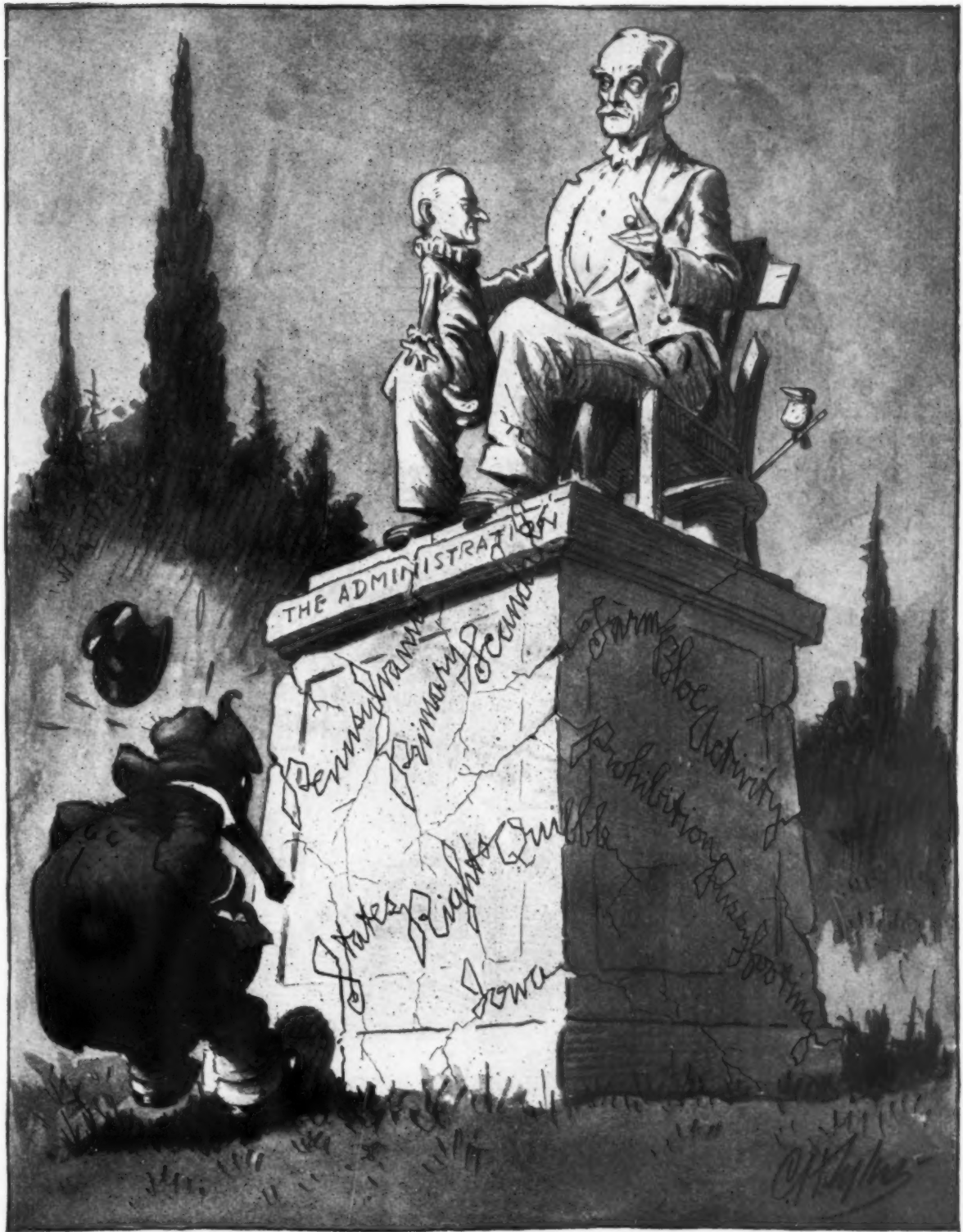


IT is not likely that the great show at Chicago will draw to the Catholic Church any considerable number of Americans who do not already belong to it, but by making religion a subject of public thought it may stir up all the Churches. Sometime some patient and fervent Catholic should explain why his co-religionists kneel to the cardinals and kiss their rings as was even done at the Fordham Commencement by Governor Smith when he met the cardinal from Spain. What is the point of kneeling to cardinals, of kneeling, for that matter, to the Pope? One reads in Scripture, "As Peter was coming in Cornelius (the centurion) met him and fell down at his feet and worshipped him. But Peter took him up saying, Stand up; I myself also am a man." Peter is considerably respected in the Catholic Church. The keys on its flag are his. Can it be that he was a Protestant? Possibly to most Catholics kneeling to high church dignitaries is just a matter of etiquette. It would be nice if the Eucharistic Congress would discuss whether it is profitable, and if so, why.



TO people who are worried for fear the Roman Catholic Church will now proceed to gobble up the United States, it is not unlawful nor even unkind to suggest that the United States will do more to the Catholic Church than the Catholic Church will do to the United States. We are apt to concentrate our attention on the impression that these visitors make upon us. We will do well to divert a part of it to the impression that we make on them. As for our view of them it is pretty safe to say that they seem to be more religious than was expected. Possibly they will think the same of us, and the impressions may be true in both cases.

E. S. Martin.



Signs of Wear



Settled Out

Life



d Out of Court

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Craig's Wife. *Morosco*—A prize play dealing with a woman who thought more of getting herself fixed for life than she did of the man she picked to fix her. Chrystal Herne shows what became of her, and how she won the Pulitzer Prize.

The Great God Brown. *Klaw*—Eugene O'Neill's drama of doubling in personality, which may not convince but which ought to interest you.

Kongo. *Biltmore*—All the African tom-toms that have ever been beaten, with an occasional kick in the midst of your cynical laughter.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—The story of a colored Carmen and how she got hers. Lenore Ulric at her best, with Henry Hull ably supporting her.

One Man's Woman. *Forty-Eighth St.*—We hear that this is still running. On what?

Sex. *Daly's*—Nothing to shake your head over. Just another one of those.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Shubert*—Vengeance's visiting-day in a high-class Chinese brothel, with Madame Florence Reed receiving guests and dispensing wise-cracks.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—A hundred and fifty years of American freedom! Well, that's a long time, too.

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—If you like plays about crooks who turn out to be good-hearted old gents after all, you'll like this one.

At Mrs. Beam's. *Guild*—Comical goings-on in a London boarding-house.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—The funny side of *retour d'âge*, if there is one.

The Half-Naked Truth. *Mayfair*—Certainly not.

The House of Usher. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Just middling.

The Importance of Being Earnest. *Ritz*—An injection of adrenalin into Oscar Wilde.

Is Zat So? *Forty-Sixth St.*—Good tough talk. **Laff That Off.** *Wallack's*—All right if you don't expect much.

Love-in-a-Mist. *Gaiety*—Madge Kennedy bucking up a clean little comedy.

The Man from Toronto. *Selwyn*—Very mild. **One of the Family.** *Eltinge*—Grant Mitchell in a farcical family affair.

The Patsy. *Booth*—Claiborne Foster and a pleasant, if not memorable, evening.

Pomeroy's Past. *Longacre*—Highly entertaining light talk between Laura Hope Crews, Ernest Truex and others.

Square Crooks. *Maxine Elliott's*—Frankly, not very good.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes placing Barrie in her debt.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—To be reviewed later.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—The Marx Brothers showing how funny clowning can be.

The Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—Kidding for those who know what is being kidded.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Good, tuneful music comedy, with Puck and White.

The Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—Thanks to the play jury, probably a good evening's entertainment by now.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—Our favorite Gilbert and Sullivan, done as we delight in seeing it done.

Kitty's Kisses. *Playhouse*—A medium-grade show with lots of fast dancing.

The Merry World. *Imperial*—More English comedians in another smooth show with the Shubert touch thrown in for speed.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—French and Broadway "artistes" making quite an agreeable evening of it.

No Foolin'. *Globe*—To be reviewed next week.

Scandals of 1926. *Apollo*—Reviewed in this issue.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Tessa Kosta in the midst of good Russian singing.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—What with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue and the rest, you can't beat it.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—For those who like their comic opera as it used to, and should, be.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney. There's comedy for you.



OUR GIDDY YOUTH

Mother (coming in at 2 A. M.): YOU NEEDN'T HAVE WAITED UP FOR ME, YSOBEL. I HAVE MY OWN LATCHKEY.

Ysobel: I KNOW IT, MOMMER, BUT SOMEBODY HAD TO LET GRANDMA IN.



Broadway Wins

NOW we are confused. Just as we begin to think that we would rather have an intimate semi-amateur revue with fresh ideas than an elaborate Broadway whirlwind with the same old stuff, along come "The Grand Street Follies" and George White's "Scandals" and upset everything. For we like the "Scandals" about eight hundred times more than "The Grand Street Follies."



"THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES," as we remember it, was the first of the kiddies to give us a satirical revue of the year past which amounted to anything. The fact that it was a little high-schoolish about it made it all the better. We came to look to "The Grand Street Follies" for smart dialogue, clever imitations, and a general informality which should make the commercial managers up on Broadway look like great goofs throwing their money away on glass beads. And for a couple of years the show did it.



THIS year, "The Grand Street Follies" has the makings, but they don't jell. There is stuff that sounds like satire, but isn't. There are imitations, most of which do not imitate. There is a show of sophistication, but it is naïve sophistication, than which nothing is more tepid. Everything is there—wise-cracks on current events and plays, snooty comments on our much-snooted civilization, characters named after prominent people, characters named after prominent characters—everything, except the ignition.



IN one number only is there the definite click of satirical burlesque, the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" done in the "constructivist" Russian fashion, and, of course, Milt Gross's *Mrs. Feittlebaum* is a person we are all glad to see in the flesh. Albert Carroll's song-and-dance number, in the manner of Santley and Sawyer, is so finely drawn and with such perfection that most of the audience think that it is in good faith, and applaud the graceful stepping and impeccable deportment. It must also be recorded that the first-night audience, the cream

of New York's brain-workers, applauded vigorously when a team of girls pranced on, driven with ribbon-reins.



NOW, Mr. George White's "Scandals" is Broadway *de luxe*. It makes no attempt at satire (except possibly in the opening chorus); its appeal is strictly localized; it is flip and shallow and, in one sketch, the winner of the Pulitzer Bad Taste Prize. And yet it is a real show. Whatever it sets out to do, it succeeds in doing. And its aims are by no means unworthy.

It is lavish to the point of hysteria and, in its *Harper's Bazar* way, beautiful. It has several comedy sketches with good tag-lines, thereby setting up a revue record, and, with that "very, very charming and very, very gifted" entertainer, Mr. Harry Richman, to talk and sing, and Willie Howard at his best to be comical, and Tom Patricola to do everything that he does, the comedy of the show is in expert hands. Perhaps in that word "expert" lies the answer to the superiority of Mr. White's show over its downtown detractor.



BUT, of course, the chief feature of a George White show would have to be the dancing, and here is dancing, as you might say, galore. Ann Pennington, Buster West, Frances Williams—who also sings—and, according to the program, the Fairbanks Twins, although we must have been looking the other way when they came on.

Mr. White must have spent a lot of money on his show, but he ought to make a lot of money also; so that end of it works out all right. As far as the public goes, it can have no kick at all.



GRANTED that applause during an intricate dance step is gratifying to the dancer and designates the applauder as a connoisseur, it does, nevertheless, make it impossible to hear the following steps, which may be very nice, too. Applause at any time, except at the end of an act, is a pretty silly procedure. You like something, so you make it difficult to hear.

We don't want to have to speak about this again.

Robert Benchley.



OF making many books there is apparently no end for E. Phillips Oppenheim, but since he succeeds himself no less creditably than does W. J. Locke, and since almost as many ladies and gentlemen are in constant attendance to catch whatever falls from his pen, it is something of a pleasure to announce a new Oppenheim novel. It is even more of a pleasure to announce that in "Prodigals of Monte Carlo" (Little, Brown) he has forsaken the vagaries of Bolshevik psychology and the curses of gamekeepers' daughters, to which he went for his last inspirations, and returned, as the title indicates, to the glittering splendors of his first love. We move once more in a typical Oppenheim world where walls are paneled in sycamore and floors are laid in ebony; where men are at least diplomats if not dukes, and heroes

slightly gray above the temples think nothing of bullets which have missed them by but a few feet; where women with pearls and pasts who call leading male characters "my friend" are put in their places by sweet young things in white who may never have eaten *omelette aux pointes d'asperges* in all their lives before but who get there just the same through grabbing the protagonist's hand at the psychological moment and bursting into tears or what have they.

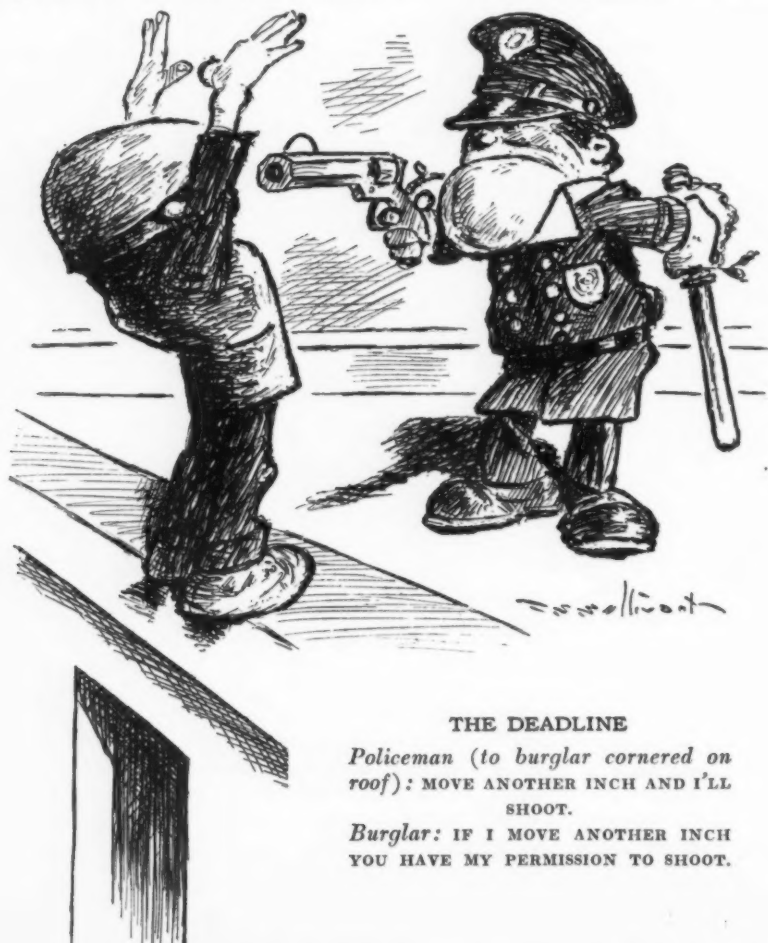
This time a rich and handsome English baronet of forty, who has been told by a heart specialist that he has only six or eight months to live, asks three of his friends hypothetically what they would do in such a circumstance. One would try to execute a spectacular financial coup; another would spend the time in a round of pleasures at Monte

Carlo; the third would attempt to make happy some people whom the Salvation Army never reaches. Sir Hargrave decides to do all three, picking on a pretty manicure girl and her brother for his charity cases. All ends so well that the heart specialist turns out not to have been merely a false prophet. He wasn't even a heart specialist.

ALTHOUGH many of us would resent the imputation of a lack of philosophy as sturdily as that of a sense of humor, I doubt whether there has been much serious delving into the great literature of theory even by those best equipped to understand and profit by it. The style of the leaders of thought is too profound for most of us. In fact, those familiar with the more obvious Socratic method might find some excuse for Xanthippe in her having been obliged to live with an old man who was always asking questions. To the majority, therefore, Plato remains an ancient Greek who believed that a man and woman might have an affection for each other completely void of petting parties—and what a laugh that has given some of you!—and students who took Philosophy 2B and remember that Immanuel Kant's punctuality was such that his neighbors set their clocks by him are unable to reel off his Categorical Imperative at a cocktail party. That is not as it should be. It is, in fact, disgraceful. Those of you who are repentant in this connection are to march straight out and buy "The Story of Philosophy," by Will Durant (Simon & Schuster), for in it you will find set forth in readable—nay, in *fascinating* style, with personalities and photographs, the progress of thinking from Aristotle to John Dewey. Dr. Durant—and don't let his first name throw you off as to the authenticity of his Doctor's degree—is a magician who can make theory come alive, and his book deserves more space and consideration than the limits of this department can afford it.

What this country needs, by the way, is more five-dollar books.

Baird Leonard.



THE DEADLINE

Policeman (to burglar cornered on roof): MOVE ANOTHER INCH AND I'LL SHOOT.

Burglar: IF I MOVE ANOTHER INCH YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO SHOOT.

The Piker

MY love is fair to ecstasy
(I'm writing of her looks, of course),

And yet, for us, it cannot be
"To hold and cherish till divorce."
She smiles and pats me on the hand,
Sad comfort for my pale regrets.
The reason we both understand:
I can't afford her cigarettes.

She favors me at every dance;
She seeks the moonlight at my side,
And if there were the slightest chance,
I know my love would be my bride.

Alas! Which means I'm pretty glum,
No hope exists that I may win.
My weekly wage is shy the sum
Required to keep that gal in gin.

J. K. M.

Double-Crossed

HIS last hours on earth had been tinged with uneasiness, for he feared that his work as an uplifter had not entirely removed the stains of his early indiscretions. Now he found happiness in death. Standing at the end of a long street he could see hundreds of newsstands, book shops, cabarets, saloons, theatres, dance halls, hotels, and bungalows with drawn curtains.

"Paradise!" he exclaimed. "A special Paradise created for me. My service as secretary of the Purity and Padlock League has won celestial recognition and they decided that the common herd's heaven was not good enough."

So he proceeded to do his duty as he saw it. He entered a saloon and asked for whisky. He got it. It was the same everywhere; these sinners had no shame. The newsstands and book shops yielded a rich haul of prurient literature; the patrons of the dance halls and cabarets were indulging in indescribable revelry, and he was thrilled to the core by the treasures of moral turpitude in the theatres, the hotels, and the bungalows with drawn curtains.

With all the evidence carefully catalogued, he was ready to bring retribution upon the wicked. Stopping another soul, he asked to be directed to police headquarters.

Half an hour later the cabarets, saloons, theatres, dance halls, ho-



THINGS OF BEAUTY

Customer: I WANT A BATHING SUIT.

Clerk: YES, MISS—ER, SOMETHING SIMPLE FOR SWIMMING, OR DO YOU INTEND TO USE IT FOR CONTEST PURPOSES?

tels, and bungalows were unoccupied. Everybody was standing at the curb watching a shade who dashed madly up and down the center of the street shrieking, "Let me out!"

The ex-secretary of the Purity and Padlock League had learned that this place had no police, district attorneys, injunctions, legislatures, Congress, lobbies, or campaigns for funds—it was hell.

Gerald Cosgrove.

Encore!

HAROLD: Your sunburn is very becoming.

HARRIET: So's your old tan!

Another War Story

AFUSILLADE of shots broke the fearful silence.

The sound seemed to relieve the tense nerves of the men. Eagerly they fired from advantageous points upon figures silhouetted against the blaze of the enemy's guns.

Shells screamed and exploded. Shrapnel sent a rain of lead upon the men in the trenches. Snipers were picking off the enemy from hidden positions on the housetops. Suddenly a shout went up. "Cheese it—the militia!"

And Herrin was quiet for another forty-eight hours.

C. G.



ALL THE GUESTS OF "THE SURF-VIEW HOUSE" DEMAND A ROOM WITH SOUTHERN EXPOSURE AT THE SAME TIME.



"NOW, PRAISE BE TO ALLAH! IF YON VISION BE REAL, MY LONG RIDE ON THIS THRICE-CURSED BEAST MAY SOON BE ENDED!"

What They Really Say

THE courtroom is crowded with sensation seekers, waiting the arraignment of the most daring bank burglar of the times. While the droning preliminaries are being gone through, the prisoner stands to one side, chatting with a detective. "Look," say the public, "the detective is questioning him, trying to trap him into an admission of his guilt."...

DETECTIVE: Whatever happened to that moll you birds used in the last bank job; the one that vamped the old bird into telling her how the bank was protected?

SAFE-CRACKER: Mazie, you mean? The blonde?

The detective nods affirmation.

SAFE-CRACKER: She turned crooked an' married a bootlegger.

DETECTIVE: Maybe she didn't like the late hours with your mob.

SAFE-CRACKER: It's a rotten life, that bootleggin'. Jest answerin' th' telephone an' takin' orders. She might as well have married a grocer.

DETECTIVE: Those bootleggin' boys play it safe, though.

SAFE-CRACKER: They say there's

good money in it, too. I dunno. Th' way I look at it, money ain't everythin'.

DETECTIVE: That's what I say, too. Money ain't everythin'. If it was I'd fix myself up with an office an' go out gatherin' evidence fer divorce cases. They say it's a soft graft, but I don't think I'd like it.

SAFE-CRACKER: You never can tell till you try how a game is. Now, take Pete th' Furman. I thought he had th' softest racket in th' game. Grabbin' off furs don't look like much work. But Pete tells me there's

nothin' in it any more. There's so much fakin' in th' fur business a man can't never tell when he's grabbin' a load but what he's bein' stung with a lot of cheap imitations. Some games sure are crooked.

DETECTIVE: Sure are.

SAFE-CRACKER: Even mine ain't what it should be. I remember one job I did in a hotel an' there was three grand counterfeit money out of th' four grand I grabbed. After that I stuck to banks.

The Clerk of the Court summons the accused to the bar.

SAFE-CRACKER: So long; see you later, Bill.

THE CLERK: How do you plead to this indictment?

SAFE-CRACKER: Not guilty.

James Kevin McGuinness.

**NOW YOU
TELL ONE**

"*THAT'S all right, Ed,"*
said the player who
was one down in a novice
golf tournament. "I'll con-
cede you that five-foot
putt."

Worth Airing

EFFIE: I wish I could afford a trip to Paris.

ELSIE: Why Paris particularly?

EFFIE: A fella taught me how to say "applesauce" and "So's your old man" in French.

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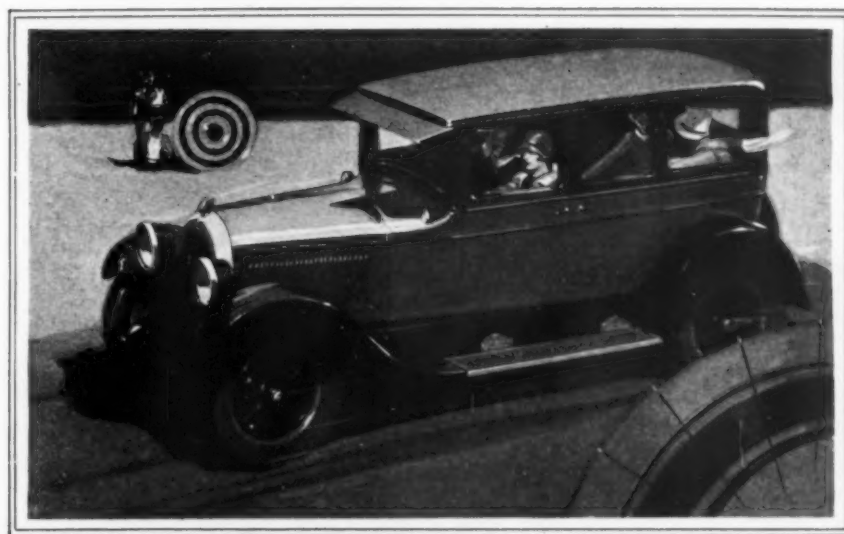
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THE SILENT DRAMA



"Variety"

ONCE more the great Emil Jannings has contributed to the screen a performance rich in dramatic vitality, warm with human understanding. In "Variety" he wears no whiskers or regal uniforms; he is a trapeze performer in a German vaudeville theatre, who runs away with an unscrupulous muscle-dancer—and then loses her.

Jannings makes of this absurd character a being whose every motive is recognizable. He shows us a poor, slow-witted, foolish lout who commits one grotesque blunder after another, and he earns for this miserable man an amazing degree of sympathy.

Thus, Jannings is the outstanding figure in "Variety," just as he must be in any picture which makes use of his apparently unlimited talents. Aside from him, there is much in "Variety" to praise—with the same critical enthusiasm that "The Last Laugh" inspired; there is also somewhat to condemn.

In the latter connection, I may mention two pretty bad performances, by Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward, and a few instances of over-emphasis in the narration of the story.

THE director of "Variety," one E. A. Dupont, is new to me; his name is French, but his method is distinctly German. Like Lubitsch and Murnau, he knows how to use his camera to marvelous effect. At all times, he avoids the obvious in composition; he strives for the most unusual and most effective expression of the mood which he wishes to convey.

The first scenes in "Va-

riety," of a honky-tonk amusement park in Hamburg, are indescribably effective. So are the later scenes of trapeze artists doing their death-defying stunts in a Berlin Wintergarten.

Dupont has imparted a fine quality of fluidity to the whole picture. The characters and backgrounds flow through the film, and the spectator's interest flows with them.

AS for Lya de Putti, who has lately been imported to America, I don't think that her work in "Va-

riety" is particularly impressive. She is satisfactorily abandoned and occasionally seductive, but she is just a shade too arch to be a valid competitor of such as Pola Negri. The main trouble with her seems to be that she hates to smear the rosebud make-up of her lips.

I THINK that "Variety," unlike "The Last Laugh," will be successful with American audiences. I hope so. It is another genuine demonstration of the amazing scope of the movies.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The following current pictures, previously reviewed in LIFE, are recommended:

Silence. H. B. Warner as a benevolent crook who pays and pays and pays.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp. An exceedingly comical tramp across country, with Harry Langdon.

Aloma of the South Seas. A foolish picture, made exciting by Gilda Gray.

Hell-Bent fer Heaven. Effective melodrama of religious fanaticism in the hill country.

For Heaven's Sake. Harold Lloyd about as funny as ever.

Mare Nostrum. Foul play in the Mediterranean, directed by Rex Ingram.

Ben-Hur. Biblical spectacle on a huge scale.

The Black Pirate. Douglas Fairbanks runs wild in the rigging of a pirate ship.

Moana. A really lovely picture of real life in the South Seas.

The Volga Boatman. Cecil De Mille wades into the Russian revolution.

The Big Parade. If you haven't see it yet, don't blame me.

Sparrows. Mary Pickford in a grim but appealing story of the dismal swamps.

Fascinating Youth. This one got in here by mistake.



ROOM FOR INSTRUCTION

Salesman (giving driving lesson): HAVE YOU GOT YOUR BRAKE ON?

Fair Young Thing: OH, DO I HAVE TO WEAR A BRAKE?



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"WELL, TO BE SURE, IT IS A BIT FULL, SIR, AND THE SLEEVES ARE A TRIFLE LONG, BUT YOU KNOW THEY ALWAYS SHRINK A LITTLE AFTER THEY'VE BEEN WORN A WHILE."

—Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).

Another Scotch Golf Story

DUNCAN McCaul MITCHELL tells of a friend encountering a Scotchman, just back from the Florida golf courses, struggling up Broadway dragging an alligator.

"What're you doing with the alligator?" he asked.

"The son of a gun has got my ball," replied the Scotchman.

—New York Sun.

The P. O. Line

SEAFARING men, as a rule, close their minds against everything but the sailor's life. This was illustrated in a most emphatic manner recently when a traveler walking along the Liverpool docks asked a sailor where the main post office was. "I dunno, guv'nor," said the tar. "What's the color of her funnels?"

—D. A. C. News.

A Cheerful Soul

"O.D. Bill Smith hasn't got a care in the world."

"What does he do?"

"He's a caretaker."

—Saturday Evening Post.

"Kiss me or I'll scream," said the coed to her boy-friend when the chaperon left the room for a minute.

—Illinois Siren.



"WELL, I'VE LEFT MY LAST PLACE AND I GOT A WRITTEN RECOMMENDATION. BUT YOU CAN BET BEFORE I GOT MINE THE LADY GOT HERS FROM ME—AND IT WASN'T WRITTEN EITHER!"

—Söndagsnisse-Strix (Stockholm).

"Promithus and Mistella"

TRAGEDY written by Marion Joy Morgan, aged nine years, after seeing a performance of "Romeo and Juliet." "I'm afraid it's a little bit like 'Romeo and Juliet,'" she told her mother, "though I changed it all I could."

Act I Sien I.

On the Street of Arestele a small town in Rome. Enter Promithus and Odysseus.

Odysseus: "How now, brave Promithus, is it that thou art not gone unto Palos to tell him of your trobels?"

Promithus: Ah! Odysseus it is not my wish to consult with Palos. I would much rather wander all my life than tell my trobels even to wise Palos.

Odysseus: Thow art doing rong Thou Shouldst be in his presence now (they are rudly broken in on by Abdella Paloses Servant).

Haste ye! Haste ye! to the cell of Palos He Awaits thou.

Prom: "I go. Farewell Odysseus. Farewell Promithus said Odysseus."

Curtian

End of sien 1 act 1



Act I Sien 2.

The Cell of Palos

Palos sitting on a bench. Enter Promithus. Palos "So Thou art come at Last. Promithus—Merrily I am come but only for a short stay.

Palos Out with your trobels my boy. Promethius, "I am sorely in Love with Mistella and she with me, yet our famileys are not friends there has been war between them for many a year. Mistella craves to make it known openly that we love each other. Mistella's father hath said she shouldst marry the Young Count Cestralla. He loves her she dost not love him. I will seek her tonight by the fontian. She dost always go for a drink.

Palos: yes bring your fair Mistella here at the hour of 9.

Promithus: I would that thou wouldst marry us.

Palos: That I will Fair Promithus.

Curtian

End of Sien two Act one.



Act 2 Sien ONE.

The Public Square in Arestell Promithus waiting by the fountian Enter Young Count Cestralla Count: What! Ho! methinks it is Promithus Promithus Does it chanst to be thou Cestralla

Thou Houty unfair Vagabond. Promithus draws sowerd So does Cestralla. Prom. I will pierce thou to the heart thou unwanted rouge. Sowerd fight begins.

Enter a Slave of Promithus and the Count. They start fighting. Enter father of each and Ladies. They don't fight the Ladies shriek and run to the background. Enter Every one else in the Play.

Enter Palos, up rising Hand. Halt! Dost Ye not remember what I have taught Thou. Men kneel put down sowerd and depart.

Curtian

Act 2 Sien 2

Clock strikes eight, enter Promithus and Mistella

Promithus—Haste Ye! Fair Mistella. We are awaited by Palos in his cell.

Mistella O Promithus I Would that We were Married.

Prom. That is our biseness. We are to be married at the Hour of Nine It is now Four and twenty minuetts past eight.



"CORN FED CHICKEN...DUCK...SQUAB... I USED TO BE CALLED THOSE LITTLE NAMES MYSELF, ONCE."

—Le Ruy Blas (Paris).

(They walk in silence in quiet a while) Prom. We are here at Paloses Mistella Mistella—Thank God we arrived in a nick of time.

Palos—Welcom! Art thou ready yet Fair Mistella.

Mistella—Verrily I have always been wanting to marry.

Palos—I pronounce you man and wife. (They are hugging all the time.)

Curtian.

—Contributors' Column, Atlantic Monthly.

Mortifying

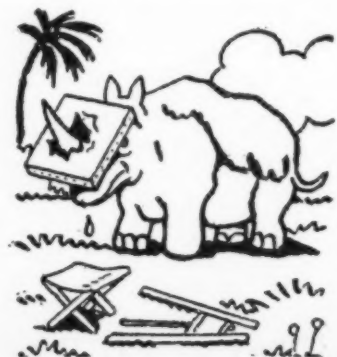
"Oh, dear, I'm all upset!"

"What's the matter, Edith?"

"You know those flowers I took to the prison to give to the poor fellow who murdered his wife? Well, I got mixed up and gave them to a big blear-eyed brute who was there for holding up a restaurant."—Boston Transcript.

Evenings at Home

"I STAY away from the theatre," commented an old cynic yesterday, "in order to be amused."—New York World.



"THIS MODERN PAINTING, GOOD LORD! YOU CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT UNTIL YOU HAVE YOUR NOSE RIGHT IN IT."

—Le Monde Colonial (Paris).

The Racehorse

FROM a schoolboy's essay on the racehorse:

"The racehorse is a noble animal used very cruel by gentlemen. Races are very bad places. None but wicked people know anything about races. The last Derby was won by Mr. Morriss' Manna, a beautiful bay colt by Phalaris, rising four. The odds was nine to one against him, and he won eight lengths. Good old Steve!"—*London Daily Express*.

Left to His Fate

"Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbors discussing it," replied the man next door, "but I'm getting so now that I don't care what happens to you."

—*Tit-Bits*.

Pagoda and All

BUILDING item (400 years hence): "The villa is a fine example of the Filling-Station Renaissance school of architecture."—*Detroit News*.

ADD Similes of 1926: "As out of date as a parody on the style of Michael Arlen."—*New York World*.



THE INTRUDER

Cook: AN' 'OO ASKED YOU, SIR, T' COME INTO MY KITCHEN WITHOUT A CHAPERON?

—*Eve (London)*.

Proselyte

AMONG the stories told by Arthur Griffith-Boscawen in his book, "Memoirs," is one about a Tommy in France during the World War, whose French was confined to "Oui, oui," "Pas bon," and "Va poo," and who was bent on marrying a French girl whose knowledge of English was not much more extensive.

Bishop Gwynne, the Episcopal Chaplain General of the Forces, questioned the soldier regarding the union.

"What about religion?" he asked. "You know you are a good Churchman, but she, is she not a Roman Catholic?"

"That's all right," was Tommy's reassuring reply. "She was a Roman Catholic, but I have explained it all to her, and now she has joined our Church."

—*New York Evening Post*.

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters, sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Not Attractive

AN odd simile was used recently by a young motorist in speaking of a very homely girl. "She looks," he said, "like seven miles of bad road."

—*Boston Transcript*.

"My father is a bootlegger."

"What does that make you?"

"Wealthy."—*Penn State Froth*.

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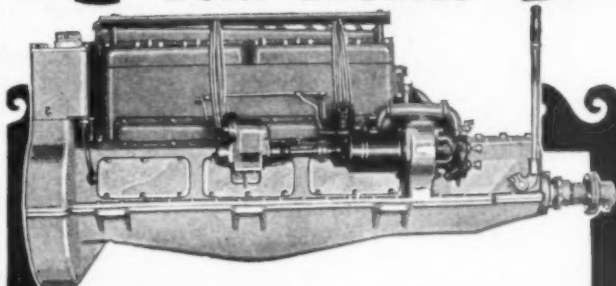

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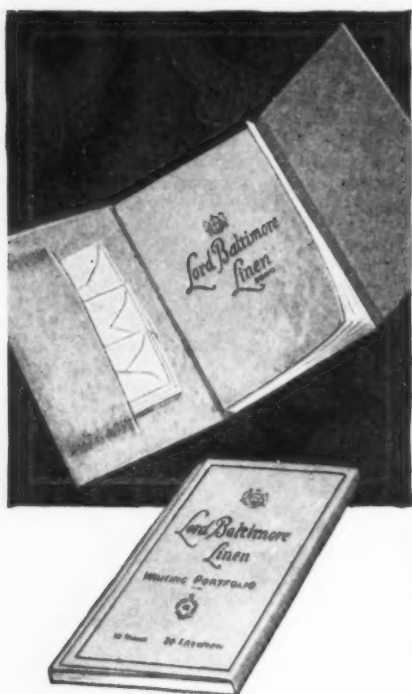
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The Golfer's Henley

OUT of the pit that bunkers me,
Covered with sand from head
to sole,
Although I now am playing three,
I struggle onward toward the hole.

What if by some unhappy chance
I overswing and raise my head—
I grimly take a firmer stance
And hope to lay the next one
dead.

What though I finish with an eight—
I do not fear my partner's scowl,
Nor heed his comment, barbed with
hate:

"Say, Hagen, why not use a
trowel?"

It matters not my total score
From even fives is somewhat far,
It matters not what went before—
Some day I know I'll murder par!
Smoff.

Batter Up!

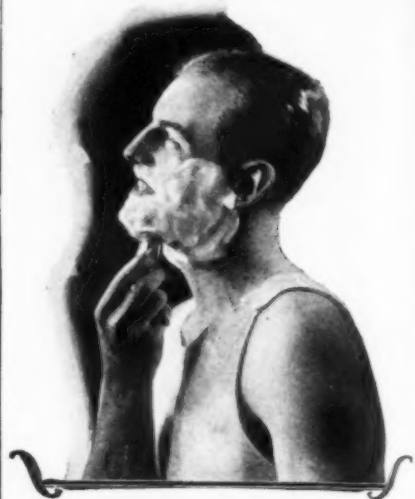
FROM a recent newspaper communication comes the startling information that "twenty-five to forty-five buckwheat cakes for breakfast is a fair average for a healthy man." The informant volunteers further that his father, "lubricating his cakes generously with butter, maple syrup or New Orleans molasses, attained the ripe old age of eighty-six."

Quick, Watson, the abacus! With the gentleman's father becoming a "healthy man" at the age of twenty-one, we may assume that he put away an average of thirty-five cakes daily for forty-five years. And no doubt Father also ate buckwheat cakes when a boy. Though we appear ridiculously conservative, let us say that the boy averaged twenty cakes a day for ten years—from the age of ten to manhood.

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I have the old gentleman going to his final rest with the taste of 647,875 cakes (generously lubricated with butter, maple syrup or New Orleans molasses) in his mouth. Without going into statistics, it is roughly estimated that the preparation of such a stupendous amount would give at least fifteen Childs' restaurant expert cake-flippers permanent tennis elbow. And yet we have no knowledge of who provided the six hundred thousand cakes for Father. The least we can do is to observe a minute of silence in deference to the unknown martyr or martyrs.

Even the mighty Babe Ruth himself cannot feel otherwise than humbled in the face of such a battering average!

Henry William Hanemann.



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—coupled with the re-
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A Revised Opinion

THE meanest man, I used to think,
Who in the city could be found
Was he who earned his food and
drink

Conveying canines to the pound.

Full oft I shaped a hymn of hate
In vivid, vitriolic verse
To label him a reprobate,
Or brand him with the witches'
curse.

To take the dogs from little boys
Because no grinding tax was paid,
Thus bringing blight to childish joys,
Has seemed a sorry sort of trade.

I used to think the meanest man
Was he who captured dogs to kill,
And further study of his plan
Has left me thinking that way
still.

Walt W. Mills.

A Hitherto Untold Tale

"AND now," announced the brownie who had escorted Johnny into the Magic Land, "you will have the privilege to-morrow of seeing the gr-r-reatest fighter in the animal kingdom, the lion. It's going to fight the grizzly bear."

"My," said Johnny, excitedly, "that ought to be good. I understand that a grizzly bear is even stronger than a lion although the latter is the king of beasts."

Early the next morning he ran to see the brownie. "I'm all ready," he announced. "When does it begin?"

"When does what begin?"

"Why, the fight, of course," answered Johnny in bewilderment.

"Oh, that. That's off."

"Off?"

"Yes. There's been a misunderstanding. You see, the lion says if he fights we'll have to give him ten antelopes to eat. We think that's too much, and so the fight has been postponed until to-morrow, when we'll have made new arrangements."

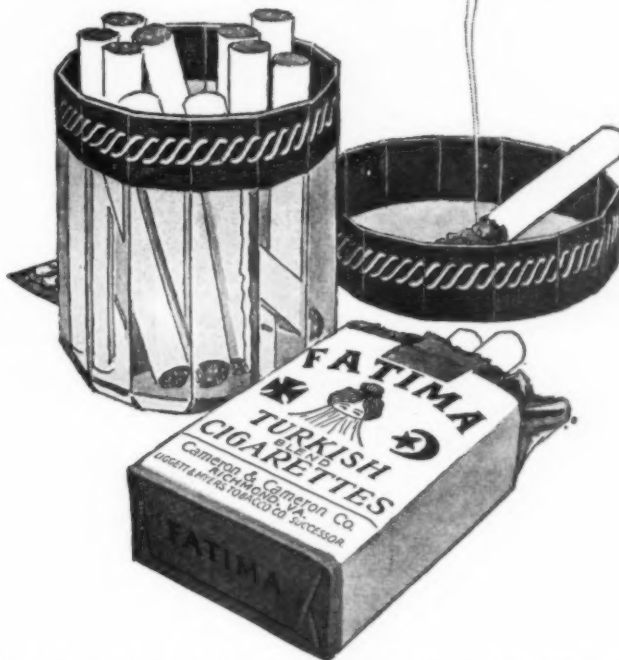
Johnny went away very much puzzled. The next day he hurried to the spot where the fight was to take place. As he neared it he heard the animals, the brownies, and the fairies cheering madly: "Go it, Leo!" "Attaboy, Rab!"

He elbowed his way through the throng, and to his utter astonishment saw the lion fighting a common, ordinary jack-rabbit. The king of beasts seemed to be winning. Every time he clawed or bit his rival an admiring shout went up from the audience: "Wonderful!" "Some claws he has!" "As strong as ever!"

Little Johnny turned to the brownie. "I thought," he said, "the lion was to fight the grizzly."

Who wouldn't?

FOR THAT perfect "balance" of fine Turkish and American tobaccos, that extra delicacy of taste and aroma which are Fatima's and Fatima's alone—who wouldn't pay a few cents more?



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

"Well," answered his companion, "he was. But he felt that the grizzly couldn't make a fight of it. He told us the rabbit was the logical contender. Great fight, isn't it?"

"I don't think so. I'll bet the grizzly bear could have—"

"What?"

"Nothing," answered Johnny abashed. "I'm going home. I've learned a lot out here." And Johnny, afterwards better known as Jack Dempsey, applied his learning to good advantage and became champion of the world.

Parke Cummings.

Ambiguous

MR. MUDELL (after the introduction): Nobody would suspect you were mother and daughter.

DAUGHTER: Are you knocking me, or boosting Ma?

Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time a girl spent her vacation in Atlantic City. Her notes to her friends were written on plain Government postal cards.

A. BATTERY: What's that thing those two men are laboring so to carry down the street?

B. BATTERY: It looks to me like a portable radio.

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62 DAYS, \$600 TO \$1,700

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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.



**"Sensitive skin
and stubborn beard"**

So it HAS to be

MENNEN

**Here's the first Contest
Prize Winning Letter**

Mr. H. R. Bowen, 6720 Leland Way, Hollywood, California, wins the traveling bag for the first Mennen bag contest. Here's his letter:

Dear Jim Henry: I found Mennen Shaving Cream as I found my favorite tobacco—by Elimination.

Do you remember how you searched and searched for THE tobacco for your favorite pipe? How you eliminated and eliminated until you found the brand which soothed and pleased the tongue?

Having a combination of a sensitive skin and a stubborn beard I had to seek a Super-Cream. A Cream which would soften my beard and yet not irritate my skin. I tried and eliminated various creams until I found Mennen. The One Cream to satisfy all requirements. After five years of companionship, we are pals.

"Mennen-ly" yours,

(Signed) H. R. Bowen

You fellows who smoke pipes know what it is to hit upon just the *right* tobacco. And the first time you lather up and shave with Mennen Shaving Cream, you'll get as great a kick as from your first pipeful of some rich, mellow, old blend of tobacco.

The secret's in *Dermutation*—the unique Mennen process of beard softening. It gives a quicker, better shave and leaves your face cleaner, smoother and better conditioned than anything you ever tried. The 100% *right* feeling that Mr. Bowen was hunting for and found.

The best things in life come by elimination. Try every other way to shave—then you'll come to Mennen for keeps. The big tube costs only 50c.

Then get set on Mennen Skin Balm for after shaving. It's tingly, cool, refreshing—and tones up the skin. Comes in 50c tube. Better than liquids. And Mennen Talcum for Men for the final well-groomed touch. Matches your skin—doesn't show. Antiseptic. Protecting against the weather.

25c for a large tin.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

worthy of his hire? And in whatever call of life are the rewards greater or more satisfactory for good and faithful service? I do now believe that, should all source of income ever fail me, it might be better, instead of becoming a fortune teller or setting up a popcorn stand, as I have hitherto thought of doing, to go out as a lady's maid, for then I should be sheltered and travelled and possibly, through endearing myself indispensably to my mistress, be left a substantial sum for my anility. Whilst we were on this subject I did tap softly on the table, however, having been extremely fortunate all my life with my domestic attendants, in many cases having greater difficulty to dispose of than retain them. But I did not mention this to Meg, whose unhappy fate it is to be always surrounded by strangers.

June
17th

My husband, poor wretch, a-bawling at me early for having agreed to dine with Henry Pickets this night, nor could I get out of him his objections to going, neither, Henry's cellar and chef being amongst the most celebrated the town boasts, but he did finally confess that he suspected Henry of desiring every one of his dinner guests to talk like a character in a smart English drawing-room play, and he would be damned, etc. And whilst we were discussing, a telephone message came that our prospective host had been summoned to Washington on important business, so Sam set out for his office feeling like a darling of the gods, which is one of the most agreeable sensations I know of... Walking through the town this morning I did spy in a shop window one of those hats which look as if they were made in heaven for me, so in to purchase it, albeit I do know that Sam will probably say that the angels seem to be working overtime on my account. I do strive sometimes in such moments of temptation to fix my mind on things which are unseen and eternal (which might be interpreted not unreasonably as merchants' invoices), but the things seen and temporal have greater sway with me, alas! I am not the stuff of which martyrs are made, I fear, but when I ponder the question seriously, I cannot see much point in anybody's being a martyr. And yet when you think of all the men of affairs who have had their turns at making tapestry and building little tables at Dr. Riggs'—well, it's a great problem, whichever way you do look at it. Baird Leonard.

**Protect your gums and
save your teeth**



Forhan's
FOR
THE GUMS

JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weakened. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

Forhan's prevents this gum-decay called Pyorrhea, which attacks four out of five people over forty.

Use Forhan's every tooth-brush time to preserve gum health and tooth wholesomeness. Tender gum spots are corrected. The gum-tissues are hardened and vigorized to support sound, unloosened teeth.

Forhan's is used as a dentifrice, though no dentifrice possesses its peculiar gum-tissue action.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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New York

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Montreal

Another Fairy Tale

SALES MANAGER: Your politeness to customers is commendable. May I ask where you learned it?

NEW SALESMAN: Sir, I was formerly a traffic policeman.

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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Popular Interviews with Off-Stage Noises

I. The Man with the Slide-Trombone

IF any one had told Mortimer P. Schulz that some day he would learn to make the long note on the slide-trombone when the comedian splits his trousers, Mr. Schulz would have knocked him down with a feather.

Yet to-day Mr. Schulz is known popularly in green-room gossip as the best off-stage "rip" since Joseph Jefferson; and this unique position which he now holds has opened the eyes of national Music-Lovers to the vast field of Musical Expression existing in the Off-Stage Noises. Day after day, struggling artists like Mr. Schulz are giving their creative effort to portraying such unseen calamities as thunderstorms, automobile wrecks, crying babies, galloping hoofs, and Enemy Planes Bombing London, and their work represents a hitherto unknown and unappreciated phase of Fugitive Art in this country.

The rise of Mortimer Schulz reads like a tale out of a fairy-book, or at any rate, the *American Magazine*. Night after night, this modest artist, never seen by the audience (except for the tip of his trombone, visible for the fraction of a second behind the left rear wing in the Forest of Arden set), brings down the house with the perfectly timed "r-r-rip!" which he delivers just as the comedian stoops over to pick up his hat.

"But do you never yearn for applause yourself?" we asked him, as the comedian, straightening suddenly and clapping both his hands behind him, backed offstage amid the roars of laughter from the audience.

Mr. Schulz shook his head and packed away his slide-trombone with a quiet smile of satisfaction upon his face. "It is my Art," he said simply, "and that is reward enough."

Mr. Schulz modestly declined to speak of his early struggles.

"Let us not speak of those difficult times," he began eagerly, "since my first slide-trombone, made out of a curtain rod and an old celluloid collar. Let us not speak of those weary hours," he went on, in describing them, "when my patient wife would sit by my side, ripping up the tablecloths, the bedroom curtains, even her own petticoats, while I struggled to capture the elusive noise. Poverty set in; we were finally forced to rip up the very bills that came from the butcher and the grocer, all in the name of Art.

"What money I saved in this way," continued Mr. Schulz, "I spent to buy dozens of pairs of trousers, and night after night my

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns..



ADELAIDE HUGHES' Famous Dancing Feet

"I think a lot of my feet," writes Adelaide Hughes, the charming danseuse of Broadway musical hits.

"So much rests on them—including my pay check . . . that's why I am so strong for Blue-jay. . . . A dancer's feet lead a hard life. . . . But I never fear corns.

"As soon as I sight a sign of one, I put on a Blue-jay. . . . and it goes before it comes, if you know what I mean."

Thousands of noted folks who reap fame and fortune from their feet, including actors, screen stars and athletes, keep a supply of Blue-jay always at hand—both to keep corns from coming and to banish, quickly and easily, those that insist on arriving . . . At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1926

little boy would pull on these pants, bend over in them and split them. In this way I perfected the timing of my masterpiece. I owe my success," said Mr. Schulz, glancing at his cuff, "to my wife and kiddie."

When asked if he had any plans for the future, Mr. Schulz nodded. "I am practicing daily on the zither," he explained quietly, "and in time I hope to make a noise like a shoe-lace coming undone."

As we took our leave of this artist and bowed low to his wife, there sounded an audible "rip!" behind us. We straightened suddenly, clapping our hands behind us, with a scarlet face. Mr. Schulz pointed to his trombone and smiled wanly.

"It is my Art," he said simply.

Corey Ford

Almost Irrelevant

PAUL: She weighed one hundred and twenty pounds.

SAUL: Stripped?

PAUL: I didn't notice.

AFTER SMOKING



There is nothing more soothing for the mouth than Squibb's Dental Cream. Keeps the breath sweet, the teeth clean. Nothing can compare with it as a protection against acid decay. Use it morning and evening.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM



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Packed for a WEEK



Packed for a WEEK-END

MADGE KENNEDY — the smile of appreciation

Are your clothes always the same size?

If so, how is it that your luggage is always too small when repacking at the end of a voyage or after a week-end away from home?

This trying problem never confronts the owner of a Revelation Suitcase

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click, click, click—all firm and snug. Yet there's still plenty of room for that inevitable last-moment "more", and no matter how full it is packed it never bulges.

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SUITCASE
ADJUSTS to 14 SIZES

Travel Contest

ALL answers to the Travel Contest must reach LIFE office before 12 noon on Tuesday, July 13th. Contestants should mail their answers *at once*, to guard against possible delays in the mails. No answers received after the final hour will be counted in the Contest.

Announcement of the TRAVEL CONTEST winners will be made in the August 5th issue.

ONE hundred per cent. American—any bootleg whisky.

Downfall

I ALWAYS thought Jenkins was rather bright.

He made a radio set out of some hay wire and a few spark-plugs.

He could catch trout with some binder's twine, some remnant cheese and a hairpin.

By sniffing at an exhaust pipe he knew which cylinder was missing.

I always thought he was rather clever.

But this morning he called in a repair man to change the ribbon on his typewriter. J. A. S.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 10)

clothing—anything. Give us your good will. That is priceless. And tell others about the Camps.

Be sure to join us *some way—somehow!* We need you.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-nine years. In that time it has expended \$322,822.71 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 48,647 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged	\$3,372.11
Effie S. Maxfield, Batesville, Ark.	5.00
In memory of Lt. Kenneth P. Culbert, East Orange, N. J.	10.00
Mrs. Jeanette S. Parmely, Erie, Pa.	50.00
In memory of "M.E.S.B.," Carbondale, Pa.	10.00
Thomas Parker, Greenville, S. C.	20.00
Janet A. Fraser, Water Mill, N. Y.	3.00
Kent Place School, Summit, N. J.	15.00
Bamberger Brothers, New York	50.00
J. Schullinger, New York	15.00
Helen R. Smith, Sewickley, Pa.	20.00
H. C. Robertson, New York	25.00
James A. Hutchinson, Boston, Mass.	15.00
Drouet Adams, New York	5.00
Edith T. Huntington, Port Washington, N. Y.	100.00
Mrs. E. P. Dorce, London, Eng.	20.00
Mrs. Converse Strong, Santa Barbara, Calif.	50.00
"In memory of James N. Dickey, June 19, 1918," Newburgh, N. Y.	10.00
Mrs. C. Gordon Knox, Morristown, N. J.	15.00
Lenore Hanna Cox, New York	25.00
From 17 women of Hanover, N. H.	50.00
Ernest C. Wills, New York	25.00
Marion T. Gibson, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.	100.00
Jean S. Charnley, Sewickley, Pa.	50.00
"Proceeds from sale of flowers by Barbara and Lillian"	1.93
Wm. J. Sherwood, New York	5.00

\$4,067.04

What Price Publicity?

"I WANT to get a piece about my employer in your paper," said the personal representative of the great movie actor.

"No," said the editor, resistingly.

"But lissen, he's just signed a five-million-dollar contract. His next super-picture will cost ten million dollars. Every day he autographs 3,461 pictures for the fans. Six private secretaries do nothing but answer his mash notes. He's gonna put in a jeweled bath in his three-million-dollar home that'll cost \$136,478. He's married and divorced once a year. Just now he's suing his fourth wife and naming her fifth husband, who married his second wife, as correspondent. Good stuff, eh?"

"Did he ever bite a dog?" asked the editor, wearily.

"No—" said the personal representative of the great movie actor, "but he will." C. K.

HE: Can't you forgive the past?
SHE: If you give me a nice enough present.

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THE Louder and Funnier season is at hand and LIFE is about to sound a few of its favorite high notes. Please stand by. . . . Whether you have an ear for music, an eye for beauty or a nose for news, you will find plenty to regale your jaded senses in the

DUMB NUMBER

to be issued July 29. There will be a sweet cover by John Held, Jr., and a wealth of material glorifying the dumb, the not-so-dumb, and those who might be a little dumber. Hot upon the heels of this epic number will come LIFE's annual tribute to the Eternal She, otherwise our

FEMININE NUMBER

dedicated, as you have guessed, to the world's favorite sex. This super-number will positively appear on August 19. It will be adorned with a cover by Garrett Price and will contain matter guaranteed to repay the most scrupulous inspection.

Your attention is now called to the coupon below. By sending it to us with one dollar you will get these two special numbers plus eight other glorious summer issues. Do it NOW—

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Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar.
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(415)

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MEDITERRANEAN

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The Great Oil-Burning White Liners and North American and South American

are comparable with the finest Ocean Steamers. Promenade and Sun Decks of unusual width; large Grand Salon and Lounge Rooms; Palm Garden, etc. Staterooms and Parlor Rooms are all outside rooms with windows or port holes. Excellent meals of pleasing variety. There are Deck Games, Entertainments, Music and Dancing—with a social hostess in charge. Restful secluded nooks for those who seek quiet. Screened in playground for the children.

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Hollywood Society

"BIG parties are the bunk but the man who's throwing this affair is the brother-in-law of the cousin of the wife of Moe Schmaltz, production-manager of Gigantic Pictures. So naturally I have to be seen here." ... "Why, they stole that gag from a picture I made ten years ago. But in my picture the girl goes over Niagara Falls in a beer barrel and the heavy—" ... "I says, 'Charlie, you're making a big mistake.' But Chaplin wouldn't take my advice and the picture was a terrible flop." ... "Whaddaya mean, it ain't an art! Didja ever see my performance in 'The Love Lure'? If that ain't art I'll eat your shirt." ... "Now we come to a sequence on the rim of the volcano. And, baby, I got an angle on the situation that's never been used before. The hero straps the girl on his back and jumps into the crater of the volcano. Then, the heavy bores a tunnel into the side of the volcano and—" ... "Mr. Fairbanks sent for me at once, but, good Lord, I can't afford to work in a picture with another star." ...

"So I told Lasky exactly what I thought about the whole picture and he was very much impressed." ... "Yes, indeed, I made a magnificent picture in Italy. It was based on the life of Archimedes but, of course, the average picture audience is so childish that—" ... "Nobody else could do a thing with it, so they sent for me." ... "I and Von Stroheim had a conference and after I showed him where he was all wrong—" ... "Yes, Mr. De Mille. Yes, indeed!" ... "I'm building a place out in Beverly Hills. Just a simple little affair. Forty-five rooms and ten acres of ground—" ... "Parties bore me to distraction. I'd infinitely rather sit home with my dogs; pull up an easy chair before my huge English fireplace; light my mellow briar pipe and read Plato. By the way, did you happen to see me in 'Passion's Plaything'?"

Robert Lord.

JUST a little sunshine and rain this month will make it clear why we behave like humid beings.

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Go-Getters

SPEAKING of this Babbittism, "Brother-get-the-habit"-ism, When-you-want-it-grabitism—Where do the go-getters go, When go-getters go go-getting?

Could you get a votary Of Booster Club or Rotary To swear before a notary, What do the go-getters get, When go-getters get go-getting?

Oh, ask your weekly lunching club, Your bigger, better munching club, Your come-and-meet-the-bunching club, Where do the go-getters go, When go-getters go go-getting?

Ask any civic dragon slayer, Roosting, boosting pep purveyor, Watch-us-growing-day-by-day, What do the go-getters get, When go-getters get go-getting? Maxwell Hawkins.

SHE: John, what did you do with that beauty doctor's bill?
HE: Vetoeed it.



The Agrippa Web

Boston Garter

Is made as a garter should be made. Has three exclusive features, and is sold everywhere at 50 cents the pair.

1. NO METAL on face of pad to pull it out of shape—lies flat against the leg.
2. THE REAL CLASP, with its All-Rubber Oblong Button, holds socks securely,
3. THE NEW AGRIPPA WEB—a ventilated open mesh web with non-skid back—does prevent slipping down even when worn very loose.

For sports wear ask for the Knicker Boston



How did your garters look, this morning?

GEORGE FROST COMPANY
MAKERS - - BOSTON

"Never!"

"YOU know very well I like you," she said, "but—"

"But what?" he demanded quickly.

"But marry you—never!" she said simply. "There's something about you that I could never put up with."

"And what's that?"

"Oh, well, let's not discuss it—at least not tonight. Sometime I may tell you—still, maybe never."

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. —Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

For
HALITOSIS



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A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25c

Life



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The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS — 7 MILLION A DAY

